

Good Morning 567

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

STUART MARTIN, writing in response to readers' request, says "I never was able to understand why men pressed forward to take the job of hangman." But if for any reason you feel attracted to the career, this is how to go about it.

HOW TO BECOME A HANGMAN

I NEVER thought it would understand why men pressed forward to take the job. The best use I can be is to tell something about that job, and then my applicant can reconsider his application—which should go to the Home Office in the first place, anyway; and I can also tell him (and you all) that if criminals forget things that lead them to the scaffold, hangmen have been known to forget things when the criminals are waiting for the hangmen to do their duty. The first hangman of any

note was Dennis, who operated on the victims of the 1780 riots. Before him was a hangman named Botting, and before Botting was Foxen. Those worthies hanged people in the days when Old Newgate held prisoners and when there were about 200 offences for which hanging was the penalty. One of the offences was stealing goods worth five shillings. Another was damaging a rabbit warren. One of the best-known of comparatively recent hangmen was Calcraft, who followed

Dennis. Calcraft was the last hangman officially appointed by the City of London. There is no record that Calcraft was ever sworn in to the job, but that ceremony of swearing-in was rather frightful. The applicant took hold of a Bible, stood before a committee of sheriffs, and swore that he would despatch every criminal condemned to die, whether the condemned person was his father, mother, brother, sister, relation or friend. It says something for the sheriffs that when the oath was taken the hangman was dismissed with the words, "Get thee hence, wretch!" Calcraft was born at Bad-



Exclusive for Sto. William Ratcliffe

IN case Stoker William Ratcliffe has been holding out on anybody, we're introducing his regular girl-friend. No fooling... he's engaged.

If William had been home last Yuletide, pretty 19-year-old Agnes Potts would have been his No. 1 Christmas present, but, because of war and things, Agnes has had to spend it alone. But all the time she's had a wish—that next time (Christmas, 1945) William will be at home to hang up his Christmas stocking.

Agnes is writing you hard, William, and gave a "Good Morning" photographer a big smile and thumbs-up for you.

When we called at 25 New Street, Pendlebury, Lancs, we found your mother doing a big job... pouring out nephew Alan's lunch-time pot of tea. He's too man-sized to be bothered with tea-cups now that he's a motor mechanic, and thinks the world of his pint pot!

We can also tell you that brothers Tom and Harry are fine, and if you've been worrying because your mother broke her ankle three months ago, it's time to stop. She's plenty O.K. now.

Horsemonger Lane Gaol with a retaining fee of five guineas to all condemned men a day or and one guinea for every hanging. Then he wanted to be hangman to country districts, it and demanded (and got) £10 a time for that.

He was an illiterate man, was Calcraft. He never kept records of his duties, and seemed to forget his victims soon after he had dispatched them. They say he was a kindly soul for all that. He used to come down to Newgate Prison for his wages, his little grand-daughter dancing beside him, and he had a pet pony that followed him like a dog. But he was not "scientific." He was ultimately pensioned off by the City of London at the rate of 25s. weekly. His last execution was that of Godwin in 1874.

Marwood, who succeeded him, was also a shoemaker. He came from Lincoln, and was a native of Horncastle, where he kept a small shop. He was very proud of being a hangman. In his shop window he kept a heap of official envelopes, properly displayed with the words "Crown Office" in gilt overhead. When Marwood was asked—

as he was often—if his method of hanging was quite satisfactory, he always replied blandly that he "had heard no complaints."

But Marwood was no more "scientific" than Calcraft had been before him. The main idea of hanging in those days was to kill the criminal, and not to make a big fuss about it. But a fuss was made more often than officialism liked. There were cases of botched jobs and butchered victims.

I have already told of Lee, the man they could not hang. Marwood had an experience that far outdistances the case of Lee for sheer horror. Twice he tried to hang a man, and twice the man fell to the bottom of the pit and did not hang.

When they brought him up for the third try, the criminal looked gloomily at his executioners and exclaimed, "What do you call this—murder?" The answer was the noose again, and this time he was strangled to death as per official proceeding.

After Marwood's day, however, hangmen became more efficient. Berry, who hanged quite a number, had one or two "mishaps," but took a keen interest in hanging. He invented an eyelet into the rope which saved much "trouble." This eyelet was so placed that it pressed against the jugular vein, and when the culprit was dropped the eyelet ruptured the vein. There was no cure for that. But was it "hanging"?

Berry also worked out a long and complete method in regard to drops. He usually entered the cell of the condemned person, passed his hand around the victim's neck, estimated his weight, and then handed him a tract in "poetry."

I have a copy of that set of verses printed on the tract, all written by Berry himself. The first verse began like this; Brother, thy sins are great. Prepare to meet thy Fate. But thy Saviour died for thee Upon the cruel Tree.

Brother, thy sins are great. Prepare to meet thy Fate. But thy Saviour died for thee Upon the cruel Tree.

Brother, thy sins are great. Prepare to meet thy Fate. But thy Saviour died for thee Upon the cruel Tree.

Brother, thy sins are great. Prepare to meet thy Fate. But thy Saviour died for thee Upon the cruel Tree.

Brother, thy sins are great. Prepare to meet thy Fate. But thy Saviour died for thee Upon the cruel Tree.

Brother, thy sins are great. Prepare to meet thy Fate. But thy Saviour died for thee Upon the cruel Tree.

Brother, thy sins are great. Prepare to meet thy Fate. But thy Saviour died for thee Upon the cruel Tree.

THREE WARM SMILES for Sto. Douglas Massey

When a letter reaches home it's like a tonic to the family. You can see one has just arrived from Duggie.



THE three warm smiles in man. But even Big Business this picture are for you. Men are sometimes interested in football, and he is waiting for a good chat with you again Aunt Phyl at your home at 58, on the respective merits of the Enid Street, Liverpool, 8, and Liverpool and Everton teams—Aunt Emily, who had just hopes to "convert" you to a true appreciation of your home team.

A letter from you had arrived that morning, and they were all feeling very bucked about it—even, it seemed, Wibs and Dusty, the two cats, who had never stopped purring since the postman came. Aunt Emily says Geoff, your cousin and friendly rival at football, is going all out—at sixteen—to be a big business

forward to seeing you again. So are Sister Phyllis, Brother-in-law Bill and little Roberta, two years old, who is getting quite talkative. She and the other children to whom you give your ration of sweets are loud in their thanks!

This past Christmas was the first for some years when you weren't around to sample a glass of Uncle Sam's special "port." But don't worry—your share is being kept for when you come home.

Everyone wishes you a happy year, and Granny adds the old-fashioned but sound advice, "Look after yourself and be a good boy."

Your Mother, Step-father and Step-sister Beryl send their love, and are looking

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

A PIECE OF STEAK

WITH the last morsel of absence of any tobacco made him bread Tom King wiped his aware of his action, and, with a plate clean of the last particle of scowl for his forgetfulness, he put flour gravy and chewed the resulting pipe away. His movements mouthful in a slow and meditative were slow, almost hulking, as way. When he arose from the though he were burdened by the hungry. Yet he alone had eaten. The two children in the other did not suffer from being over-room had been sent early to bed, prepossessing. His rough clothes in order that in sleep they might were old and slouchy. The uppers of his shoes were too weak to forget they had gone supperless.

clean-shaven.

The lips were shapeless and constituted a mouth harsh to excess, that was like a gash in his face. The jaw was aggressive, brutal, heavy. The eyes, slow of movement and heavy-lidded, were almost expressionless under the shaggy, indrawn brows. Sheer animal that he was, the eyes were the most animal-like feature about him. They were sleepy, lion-like—the eyes of a fighting animal. The forehead slanted quickly back to the hair, which, clipped close, showed every bump of a villainous-looking head. A nose, twice broken and moulded variously by countless blows, and a cauliflower ear, permanently swollen and distorted to twice its size, completed his adornment, while the beard, fresh-shaven as it was, sprouted in the skin and gave the face a blue-black stain.

Altogether, it was the face of a man to be afraid of in a dark alley or lonely place. And yet Tom King was not a criminal, nor had he ever done anything criminal. Outside of brawls, common to his walk in life, he had harmed no one. Nor had he ever been known to pick a quarrel. He was a professional, and all the fighting brutishness of him was reserved for his professional appearances.

Outside the ring he was slow-going, easy-natured, and, in his younger days, when money was flush, too open-handed for his own good. He bore no grudges and had few enemies. Fighting was a business with him. In the ring he struck to hurt, struck to maim, struck to destroy; but there was no animus in it. It was a plain business proposition. Audiences assembled and paid for the spectacle of men knocking each other

out. The winner took the big end through them at top pressure. They no longer did the work.

When Tom King faced the Woolloomoolloo Gouger, twenty years before, he knew that the Gouger's jaw was only four months healed after having been broken in a Newcastle bout. And he had played for that jaw and broken it again in the ninth round, not because he bore the Gouger any ill-will, but because that was the surest way to put the Gouger out and win the big end of the purse. Nor had the Gouger borne him any ill-will for it. It was the game, and both knew the game and played it. Tom King had never been a talker, and he sat by the window, morosely silent, staring at his hands. The veins stood out on the backs of the hands, large and veins, swollen at the time, had swollen; and the knuckles, always shrunk down again, though smashed and battered and malformed, testified to the use which they had been put. He had a trifle larger than before. He never heard that a man's life stared at them and at his battered was the life of his arteries, but knuckles, and, for the moment, well he knew the meaning of those caught a vision of the youthful big, upstanding veins. His heart excellence of those hands before the had pumped too much blood first knuckle had been smashed

An old "Pug" goes down to his last defeat in this toughest of all Boxing yarns

By JACK LONDON

on the head of Benny Jones, otherwise known as the Welsh Terror.

The impression of his hunger came back on him.

"Blimey, but couldn't I go a piece of steak!" he muttered aloud, clenching his huge fist, and spitting out a smothered oath.

"I tried both Burk's an' Sawley's," his wife said half apologetically.

"An' they wouldn't?" he demanded.

"Not a ha'penny. Burke said—"

"G'wan! Wot'd he say?"

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. Lustring is a method of playing music, kind of silk cloth, raucous shouting, painting with metallic paints?
2. Who painted Charles I 36 times?
3. What is the smallest known bird, and where is it found?
4. What does "to take silk" mean?
5. Stonehenge was built in

the Old Stone Age, New Stone Age, Bronze Age, Iron Age?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Toucan, Corncrake, Macaw, Wapiti, Cormorant.

Answers to Quiz in No. 566

1. Mineral.
2. Paul Robeson.
3. Kenya, Lake Magadi.
4. William Gilbert, doctor to Queen Elizabeth.
5. Franz Hals, painter of "The Laughing Cavalier."
6. Delight is a noun; others are adjectives.

INTELLIGENCE TEST

1. When Gwladys said have six petals, (c) all six-petaled flowers are red?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Grant, Refuse, Acquiesce, Agree, Consent, Allow.
3. If some flowers are always red, all blue flowers change to mauve in the autumn, and all red flowers have six petals, is it necessarily true that (a) no flowers change from red to blue, (b) blue flowers never
4. A family party consisted of 1 grandfather, 2 grandmothers, 2 fathers, 3 mothers, 4 sons, 1 daughter, 2 twins, 4 brothers, 1 uncle, 2 nephews, 2 grandsons, 2 mothers-in-law, 1 daughter-in-law and 1 son-in-law. How many were there?
5. When Butch said "Fish," Sheila said "Plinlimmon." What word linked these two ideas in Sheila's mind?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Ask, time?
7. Re-write the following to show that you can see its meaning: That that that that that precedes is that that that that other that follows. Also, how many "thats" are actually referred to?
8. If we call tons shillings, hundredweights gallons, and pounds minutes, and reckon 20 hundredweights to a ton and 112 pounds to a hundredweight, how many gallons would be worth three shillings, and how many minutes would it take to weigh them out a pound at a time? (Answers to-morrow)

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



THE Chief Constable, Mr. F. Swaby, stated in his annual report to the Watch Committee that there were 68 cinema licences in Leeds, with a seating capacity of 60,639. Generally speaking, they had been conducted in a satisfactory manner.

At one cinema, the report continued, a Junior Club was held from 10 a.m. to 11 a.m. each Saturday, catering for children between seven and fourteen years.

The average attendance was about 700, and the project, which had for its object the benefiting mentally and morally and the fostering of a sense of responsibility in the children by means of films and lectures by prominent persons, had been carefully and regularly supervised by the police and a representative of the Director of Education.

During the year 69 applications to hold Sunday concerts in aid of charity were granted, as against 44 for the previous year. In addition, permission was granted for three Sunday concerts, the proceeds of which were not devoted to charity.

Where is this place called Leeds?



SPEEDWAY and ice hockey followers will be sorry to know that Tom ("Nobby") Clarke (trainer of Wimbledon Speedway team and the two Harringay ice hockey clubs—Greyhounds and Racers), is ill in Guy's Hospital.

"Nobby," as he is everywhere known, had his own laboratory, and was among the first to introduce radiant heat treatment for injuries. He had charge of the Wimbledon team which carried off the "Evening News" London Speedway Cup in 1938 and reached the undecided final a year later when war put a stop to the sport.

"Nobby" was official trainer, too, to our international ice hockey teams, and many well-known footballers came to him for treatment.



THE moon affects the tide and the untied.

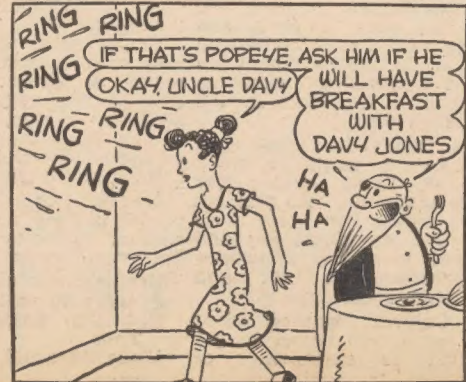
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—506

1. Insert consonants in *O**O**E**Y and *I**E**Y and get two Irish counties.
2. Here are two trees whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
LEPLAW — TUNAM.
3. If "warren" is the "war" of rabbit-shooting, what is the war of (a) Policemen, (b) Progress?
4. Find the two fish hidden in: I don't skip personally, and my sister does so less than you think.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 505

1. STRATHMORE, LOWLANDS.
2. MORTAR—MARBLE.
3. (a) Eftsoons, (b) Hefty.
4. Ven-is-on, Rab-bit.

JANE



A PIECE OF STEAK

(Continued from Page 2) to get his legs in shape. But it "As how 'e was thinkin' was hard, training without a Sanel ud do ye to-night, an' partner and with a wife and two how yer score was comfortable kiddies that must be fed. Credit big as it was." with the tradesmen had undergone Tom King grunted, but did not very slight expansion when he was reply. He was busy thinking of the bull terrier he had kept in his younger days to which he had fed steaks without end. Burke would have given him credit for a thousand steaks—then. But times had changed. Tom King was getting old; and old men, fighting before second-rate clubs, couldn't expect to run bills of any size with the tradesmen.

He had got up in the morning with a longing for a piece of steak, and the longing had not abated. He had not had a fair training for this fight. It was a drought year in Australia; times were hard, and even the most irregular work was difficult to find. He had had no sparring partner, and his food had not been of the best nor always sufficient. He had done a few days' navy work when he could get it, and he had run around the Domain in the early mornings

about in a few minutes," he said, night to get meat for his mate and "Only a try-out. Then there's cubs—not like a modern working—a four-round spar 'tween Dealer man going to his machine grind, Wells an' Gridley, an' a ten-but in the old, primitive, royal, round go 'tween Starlight an' some animal way, by fighting for it. sailor bloke. I don't come on for over an hour."

At the end of another silent ten minutes, he rose to his feet. "Truth is, Lizzie, I ain't had proper trainin'."

He reached for his hat and started for the door. He did not offer to kiss her—he never did on going out—but on this night she dared to kiss him, throwing her arms around him and compelling him to bend down to her face. She looked quite small against the massive bulk of the man. "Good luck, Tom," she said. "You gotter do 'im."

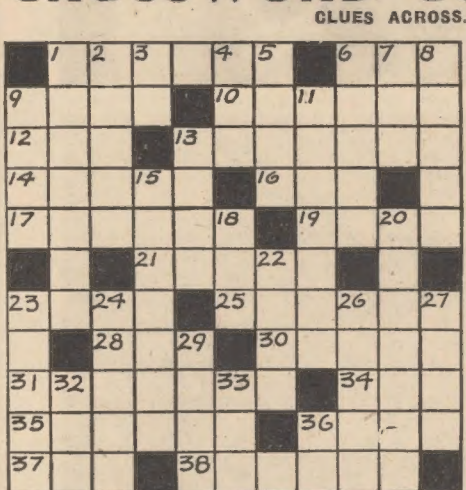
"Aye, I gotter do 'im," he repeated. "That's all there is to it. I jus' gotter do 'im."

He laughed with an attempt at heartiness, while she pressed more closely against him. Across her shoulders he looked around the bare room. It was all he had in the world, with the rent overdue, and her and the kiddies. And he was leaving it to go out into the

Answers to Intelligence Test in No. 566.

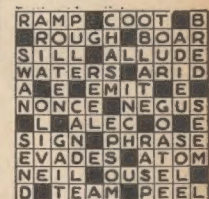
1. There is land at the South Pole, but at the North Pole there is nothing but ice. True.
2. "A" cannot be written in one continuous line; others can.
3. Cheshire. There is no other relation but that of geographical position.
4. Seven persons. Mother, father, son; the mother's sister; the father's two brothers and one of their sons.
5. People who wish to skate in Greenland wear long snow-shoes. False.
6. 16 is not a factor of 120; others are.
7. (a) Yes; (b) Yes; (c) No.
8. Albert, Colin, Doreen, Beryl, Ethel.

CROSSWORD CORNER



- CLUES ACROSS.
- 1 Long letter.
 - 6 Horse.
 - 9 Distance.
 - 10 Popular admiration.
 - 12 Pronoun.
 - 13 Harder to climb.
 - 14 Rascal.
 - 16 Sailor.
 - 17 Older.
 - 19 Simpleton.
 - 21 Condition.
 - 23 Quitted.
 - 25 Be very surprised.
 - 28 Drink.
 - 30 Heating device.
 - 31 Agents.
 - 34 Triumph.
 - 35 Desk.
 - 36 Accustomed.
 - 37 Affirmative.
 - 38 Marksman.

- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Genuine.
 - 2 Pure.
 - 3 About.
 - 4 Newt.
 - 5 Vocal item.
 - 6 Coconut product.
 - 7 Mineral.
 - 8 Fruit.
 - 9 Small plant.
 - 11 Re-acting substance.
 - 13 Place.
 - 15 Error.
 - 18 Inexperienced.
 - 20 Size of type.
 - 22 Upward throw.
 - 23 Ante-room.
 - 24 Local plants.
 - 26 Drench.
 - 27 Tear.
 - 29 Vegetables.
 - 32 Shrub.
 - 33 Double.
 - 36 Out of bed.



RUGGLES



GARTH



PATRICIA ROC

PATRICIA ROC was born in London on June 7th, 1918. Her father is a naturalised Dutchman.

Patricia was educated in London and Paris, and trained at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

At the beginning of 1937 she appeared at the Ambassadors Theatre in "Nuts and May," and, as a result, was taken to the Joinville Studios in Paris for a film test. Her first film was "Rebel Son," with Harry Bauer, and among her other films are included "The Gaunt Stranger," "Missing People," "A Window in London," "Let the People Sing," "Millions Like Us," "Love Story," and "Madonna of the Seven Moons."

Patricia Roc is married to a doctor. She is a keen outdoor girl, and fond of riding, swimming and ice-skating. Her indoor hobbies are painting and cooking.

In appearance, Patricia is slender, dark, with very blue eyes and an engaging smile. She is now under contract to Gainsborough Pictures for further films.

Dick Gordon

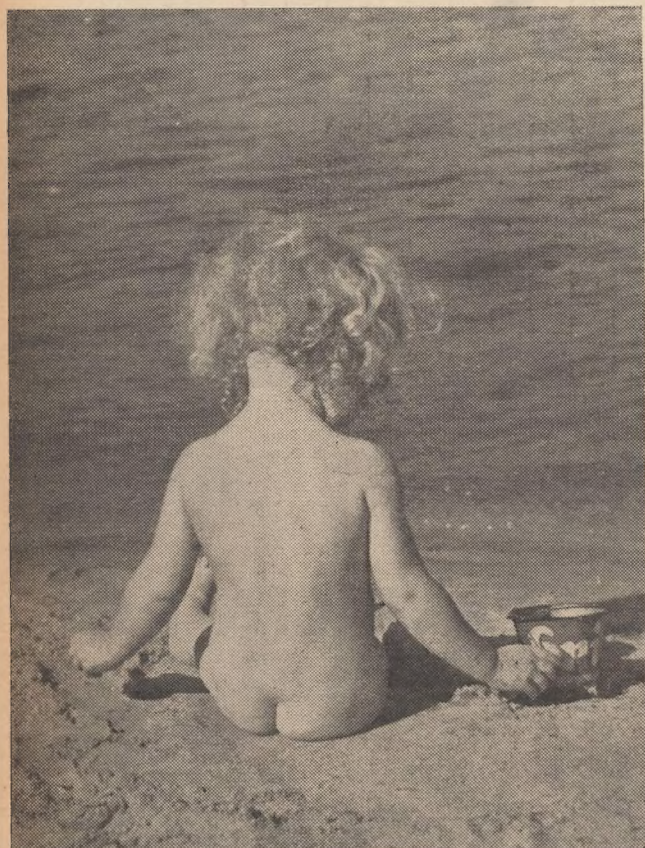
PHIZ QUIZ



Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 566: Mercer (Everton F.C.).

Good Morning

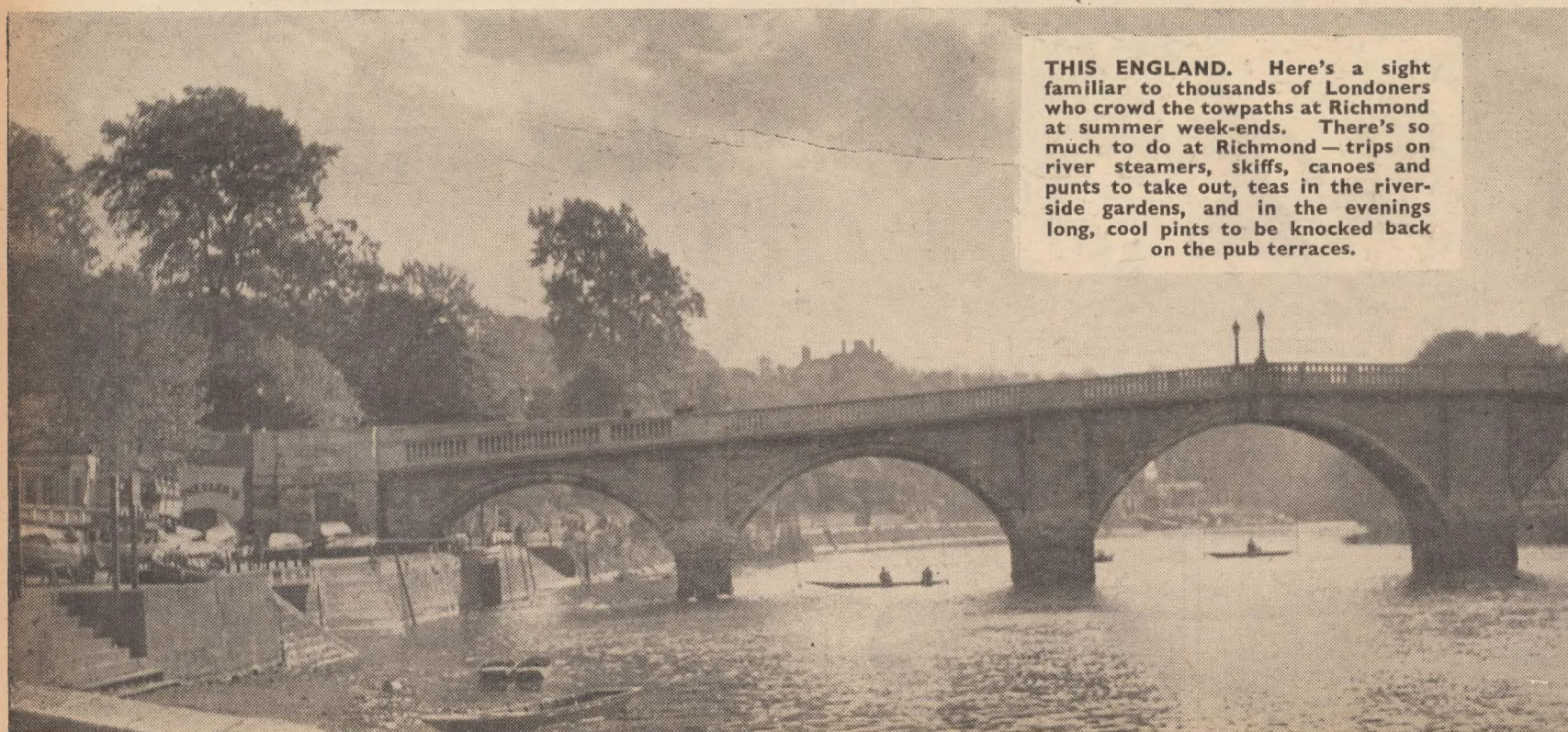
We admit we're dense, but we don't see why this Land Girl's hair-do makes a horse laugh.



RIDDLE CORNER. Why is this young lady like many of the rivers to be found in southern England? (You'll just die when we tell you the answer!) It's because she has a sandy bottom, you big sillies.



THIS ENGLAND. Here's a sight familiar to thousands of Londoners who crowd the towpaths at Richmond at summer week-ends. There's so much to do at Richmond—trips on river steamers, skiffs, canoes and punts to take out, teas in the riverside gardens, and in the evenings long, cool pints to be knocked back on the pub terraces.



In response to numerous requests, we present "G.M.'s" masterpiece: A Portrait of Jane in Her Bridal Gown. The picture was specially posed by Daun Kennedy, of RKO Radio. We showed it to Jane, her only comment was: "Now I must choose my trainbearers."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"She strips to conquer."

